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MICHIGAN FARMER

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.
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The Michigan Farmer

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1885.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to reduce the price of
the FARMER for 1886, and will send it on
the following terms: To those subscrib-
ing now we will send the FARMER and
Household until the first of January, 1887,
for \$1.50. This will make nearly fifteen
months' subscription for the price of
twelve.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market
the past week amounted to 168,087
bu., against 335,304 bu. for the previous
week in 1884. Shipments for the week
were 215,373 bu. The stocks of wheat
now held in this city amount to
1,910,327 bu., against 1,743,243 last
week and 677,679 bu. at the corresponding
date in 1884. The visible supply of this
grain on October 24 was 45,683.610 bu.,
against 45,179.483 the previous week, and
33,221.849 bu. at corresponding date in
1884. This shows an increase over the
amount reported the previous week of
14,413.14 bu. The export clearances for
Europe for the week ending October 24
were 257,117 bu., against 349,812 the
previous week, and for the last eight
weeks they were 6,584,936 bu. against 7,
904,535 for the corresponding eight weeks
in 1884.

The market has ruled less active the
past week, sales footing up 150,000 bu.
of spot and 1,679,000 bu. of futures. Values
advanced early in the week, declined
again, but finally closed somewhat higher
than a week ago. The addition to the
"visible supply" was accepted by the
"bears" as a proof of the correctness of
their position; but all the same whenever
values decline to the neighborhood of 90c
in the market, there is sure to be a reac-
tion very shortly afterwards. It is a dan-
gerous market to speculate on, as it is
very susceptible to outside influences.
Yesterday this market was opened strong
for spot wheat, and slightly higher than
at the close on Saturday. Futures were
unchanged. Chicago was quoted higher,
but later declined, and as cables were
unsatisfactory there was nothing to hold
up values and they dropped down to about
Saturday's figures, closing steady. Futures
closed a shade lower. The Chicago
market lower than Saturday, No. 2
spring being quoted at 85c, No. 3 do. at
77c, No. 2 red winter at 80c, No. 3 do.
at 78c. Toledo was quiet, and closed with
No. 2 red at 83c for spot and November
delivery, December at 85c, January at
86c, and May at \$1.02. Liverpool was
reported quiet with large receipts and
offerings, no change quoted in values,
but market weak.

The following table exhibits the daily
closing prices of wheat from October 10
to Nov. 2:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Oct. 10	87	87	87	87
11	87	87	87	87
12	87	87	87	87
13	87	87	87	87
14	87	87	87	87
15	87	87	87	87
16	87	87	87	87
17	87	87	87	87
18	87	87	87	87
19	87	87	87	87
20	87	87	87	87
21	87	87	87	87
22	87	87	87	87
23	87	87	87	87
24	87	87	87	87
25	87	87	87	87
26	87	87	87	87
27	87	87	87	87
28	87	87	87	87
29	87	87	87	87
30	87	87	87	87
Nov. 1	87	87	87	87
2	87	87	87	87

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various dates each day of the past week
were as follows:

	Nov. 2	Nov. 3
Tuesday	87	87
Wednesday	87	87
Thursday	87	87
Friday	87	87
Saturday	87	87
Sunday	87	87

Mr. H. Kains-Jackson, the great Eng-
lish authority on wheat, writing to a
paper on the future of wheat, says:

"Wheat and spring corn alike keep
slow and steady, and demand, which with
the autumn had been expected to freshen
considerably, has not yet increased to any
appreciable extent. The situation is not
the less stronger now than it was in
September. Fewer contracts have been
entered into this autumn than for some
years past, and the quality of wheat on
passage has already fallen to a decidedly
moderate figure—considerably smaller
than at the period of 1884. A careful
survey of the wheat resources of the great

shipping countries shows more and more
clearly that, while India will be able to
supply more wheat than usual, both Amer-
ica and Russia will be sending us less
wheat than in 1884-5. The total supplies
are, therefore, likely to be smaller than
for the reserves of old wheat, the
current year 1885-6 would have to do on
very short commons. The Russian ex-
port surplus of wheat was estimated in
1884 at 8,000,000 quarters; for the present
year it is reckoned at 5,000,000 only.

CORN AND OATS.

"The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 6,038 bu., against 616
bu. the previous week, and 14,417 bu. for
corresponding week in 1884. Shipments
were 4,943 bu. The visible supply in the
country on Oct. 24 amounted to 5,383,
484 bu. against 4,837,133 bu. the previous
week, and 5,784,555 bu. at the same
date last year. The visible supply
shows an increase during the week of
386,311 bu. The exports for Europe
the past week were 599,539 bu., against
858,839 bu. the previous week, and for
the past eight weeks 6,584,936 bu., against 1,
353,334 bu. for the corresponding period
in 1884. The stocks now held in this city
amount to 7,874 bu., against 10,568 bu.
last week and 7,766 bu. at the correspond-
ing date in 1884. Corn is steady in
this market, and while the future is re-
garded as certain to bring lower values,
the scarcity of old corn at present serves
to keep up prices. Spot No. 2 is selling
at 45c. with a quiet market. At
higher points prices have weakened a
little, and at Chicago spot No. 2 is quoted
at 40c, against 41c a week ago. In
futures but little is doing in that market,
and quotations show that dealers are
looking for a drop of 3c to 4c per bu. as
soon as the receipts of new corn are
general. November options are quoted
at 39c, December at 37c, and May at 35c.
The Toledo market is quiet at 43c for
No. 2 spot, November futures at 41c,
the year at 37c, and May at 35c. The
Liverpool market is quoted weak with
prices tending downwards. Quotations
there are 45 1/2d per cent for spot No. 2
mixed, 4s 4d for November delivery, 4s
5 1/2d for December.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market
the past week were 27,059 bu. against
27,609 bu. the previous week, and 31,574
bu. for the corresponding week
in 1884. The shipments were 12,363
bu. The visible supply of this
grain on Oct. 24 was 4,726,854 bu.,
against 4,565,547 bu. at the corresponding
date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Mon-
day amounted to 46,373 bu., against 47,
203 bu. the previous week, and 54,987
bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The
exports for Europe the past week were
143,553 bu., and for the last eight weeks
were 2,837,394 bu., against 353,865 bu.
for the corresponding weeks in 1884. The
visible supply shows an increase of 130,
913 bu. during the week. Oats seem to be
getting stronger at all points. In this
market they are firm at higher prices than
a week ago. Quotations are 30c for No.
2 white, 28c for No. 2 mixed, and 29c
for light mixed, and 25c for No. 3.
There is a liberal inquiry from both the
local trade and shippers. At Chicago the
market has ruled higher and firm at the
advance. Quotations there are 25c for
No. 2 mixed spot. November options at
25c, and May at 24c. By sample sales
were made at 27c for No. 3 white,
26c for No. 2 mixed, and 28c for No. 3
white. The Toledo market is
very quiet, with spot No. 2 mixed at 26c,
November delivery at 26c, and May at
31c. The New York market is higher
on all grades, and fine. The general de-
mand is good and trade fairly active.
Quotations there are as follows: No. 3
mixed, 24c; No. 2 do., 31c; 31c; No. 1
white, 32c; No. 2 do., 35c; 35c; No. 1
white, 38c; Western white, 34c;
38c; State white, 35c; 39c; State mixed,
32c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market remains quiet and steady,
with choice table grades in good demand,
but all other weak and unsettled. Fancy
dairy sales at 15c to 17c, choice at 15c to 16c;
and ordinary and low grades at from 14c
down to 5c, according to its degree of
degree of badness. Oleomargarine is
showing up again, and is quoted at 13c
14c, butterine at 14c to 15c. The Chicago
butter market has advanced rapidly the
past week, but is rather weak under
heavy receipts since the advance. The
higher price has kept shippers out of the
market, and the home demand is not ade-
quate to the liberal receipts. Quotations
there are as follows: Creamery, fancy,
28c to 29c; do., choice, 24c to 26c; do. fair to
good, 19c to 20c; common, 16c to 18c, dairy
fancy, 18c to 20c; do., choice, 13c to 14c; do.
fair to good, 8c to 10c; common grades, 7c
to 9c; inferior, 3c to 4c. The New York
market is higher than a week ago, but
shows signs of weakness except on the
very top grades.

The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday

says of the market:

"The fancy table goods are command-
ing full former rates, in some cases a frac-
tion more on special selections, but not in
quotable form, while outside of that, the
selling basis is largely a matter of guess
work, owing to the limited amount of ac-
tual trading done. On State creamery 28c
is as high as should be calculated upon,
and 26c for Western, with these figures
made only on a small proportion of the
supply. Nice fresh State dairy tubs will
reach 28c, and parties wishing to quote
higher might, by searching around, find
now and then a small sale to help them,
but in reality there is not much to exceed
26c, and the major portion of the supply
show 20c for an extreme. Dairies entire
are not quick, and 21c pretty full, with
no firmness above 20c worthy of notice. Western
goods, outside of creamery, of all
kinds, have an uncertain position, and
while there is hardly a warrant for any
great change in the general line of quo-
tations, the turn is in buyers' favor, and
would probably be more so on a chance
to realize.

Quotations in that market yesterday

were as follows:

Creamery, state, full, fancy, 28c

Creamery, state, full, choice, 26c

Creamery, state, full, fair, 24c

June creamery, prime to choice, 15c to 17c
State half-drawn tubs and pails, fancy, 22c to 24c
State half-drawn tubs and pails, choice, 20c to 22c
State half-drawn tubs and pails, fair, 18c to 20c
State half-drawn tubs and pails, ordinary, 16c to 18c
State dairy, entire prime, 18c to 20c
State dairy, entire fair, 16c to 18c
State dairy, entire good to fine, 14c to 16c
State dairy, entire, good to fine, 12c to 14c
State dairy, entire, good to fine, 10c to 12c

WESTERN STOCK.

Creamery, Western, prime, 15c to 17c
Western imitation creamery, choice, 17c to 19c
Western imitation creamery, fair, 15c to 17c
Western imitation creamery, good to fine, 13c to 15c
Western dairy, good, 11c to 13c
Western dairy, ordinary, 10c to 12c
Western dairy, fair, 9c to 11c
Western dairy, fresh, choice, 11c to 13c
Western dairy, fair to good, 10c to 12c
Western dairy, ordinary, 8c to 10c

CORN.

The exports of butter from American

ports for the week ending Oct. 24 were

67,642 lbs., against 685,839 lbs. the previous

week, and 662,916 lbs. two weeks

previous. The exports for the correspond-

ing week in 1884 were 1,383,670 lbs.

CHEESE.

Cheese is firmer and apparently tend-

ing upwards. For full cream State brands

11c is now the regular quotation, and

some choice goods have sold to higher.

Ohio full creams are selling at same fig-

ures, and New York at 13c. The Chicago

market is firm for good September makes,

with a good request from shippers. Sales

were about equal to the receipts, so that

stocks are only moderate. Off grades of

full creams were in light supply and quiet.

Other low grades are slow. Quotations

are as follows: Young America, full

cream, 10c to 10 1/2c; full cream, cheddar,

9c to 10c; flats, two in a box, 10c to 10 1/2c;

skimmed, choice, 7c to 8c; skimmed, com-

mon to good, 4c to 5c; inferior, 1c to 2c. The

New York market has had a poor week,

and values have dropped a little. Quo-

tations there yesterday were as follows:

State factory, September fancy, 10c to 10 1/2c

State factory, fancy, earlier date, 9c to 10c

State factory, full to choice, 7c to 8c

State factory, medium, 7c to 7 1/2c

State factory, ordinary, 5c to 6c

State factory, light skims, 5c to 6c

State factory, choice skims, 4c to 5c

Ohio fat, fancy, 4c to 5c

Ohio fat, fair to good, 3c to 4c

Pennsylvania skims, 2c to 3c

In regard to the market the N. Y. Daily

Bulletin says:

"Most holders were down to 10c for

the finest stock, or at least enough of

them to meet a great deal better demand

than developed, but that seemed to be the

stopping point, and so strictly fancy

cheese could be reached for less money.

On the other hand, 10c was the best gen-

eral bid, but made somewhat freely by

one or two shippers with belief that they

really wanted to purchase to some extent.

As a rule, however, the advice at hand

still seem to deter an export movement

of the sort that has been so common in

the past few weeks, and the ship-

ments will be made up largely of through

lots and consignments by local receivers

who must take that course or store. Me-

dium and lower quality not wanted, but

time must with some attention at about

former rates.

The receipts of cheese in the New York

market the past week were 48,343 boxes

against 55,537 boxes the previous week

and 61,273 boxes the corresponding week

in 1884. The exports from all American

ports for the week ending October 24

footed up 3,056,273 lbs., against 2,038,097 lbs.

the previous week, and 2,915,091 lbs. two

weeks ago. The exports for the corre-

sponding week last year were 5,722,572 lbs.

Liverpool quotations for American

cheese yesterday were 30s. per cwt.,

same figures as quoted one week ago.

WOOL.

Quiet and steady is the report that comes

from eastern wool markets. While trade

is less active and sales show a decline

from the large totals of many weeks past,

prices seem to be well maintained. Man-

40c, fine unwashed Ohio at 30c, Montana
at 36c to 37c, fine Nevada at 31c, spring Cal-
ifornia at 31c to 32c, and fall Texas at 16c
to 22c. The U. S. Economist says of the mar-
ket:

"During the week under review the de-
mand has been less animated, and a por-
tion of the aggregate sales have passed in-
to the hands of dealers without orders to
place the same. It is an indication that
they have not formed any definite hopes
and expect to see prices reach a higher
altitude so as to enable them to realize
some profits. At present there is a sort of
halt on the part of mill-owners. The
medium classes of cloth are in the hands
of the coarse grades of combing fleece and
have risen to figures that challenge their
attention. These sorts were exceedingly
depressed before the late active move-

ment, and prices are running the other
way now. Manufacturers have been so
busy with orders they have not been able
to scour wools themselves, but were
forced to purchase the same of scourers at
a few cents advance. The result is that
requirements are running the other way
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F. M. DEAN, Maple Avenue Stock Farm, Peabody, Maine Co., breeder of sale. Correspondence solicited.

[illegible]

HUGH BROS., Tinsley City, Lapeer Co., breeders of thoroughbred Michigan registered and high grade Michigan stock. Stock for sale.

J. E. GILMORE, Grand Blanc, breeder and dealer in stock registered. Good stock for sale at all times. Call the times. Correspondence solicited. 1915-16

JAMES McCREGG & SON, Metamora, breeders of thoroughbred Michigan registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1915-16

JAMES W. WYSE, Chicago, Ill., registered Angus Merino sheep. Stock for sale.

CHESHIRE stock for sale.

Ocheshire.

L. W. FITCH, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Cheshires. Good stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. 1915-16

W. B. BROWN, Millington, Tuscola Co., breeder of purebred and shaggy or Improved Cheshires. Special Order early correspondence solicited. 1915-16

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C. S. SKINNER, Wilcox, breeder of Duro-Jersey.

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the best stocks in Va. Examine before purchasing.

J. R. STUCKES, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of thoroughbred horses; permanent registered Merri-
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J. S. WOOD, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merri-
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J. H. Thompson, Jr., breeder of Registered Merri-
ll stock. Assortments of most noted families of
pure animals. Sale, form and density of color
and specialty.

E. O. GILBERT, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of
Young champion stallions. Young Marlboro,
Young champion Chancellor, Young Marlboro,
Young champion in the stud. Young stallions and
stock for sale.

G. W. FLETCHER, Orchard Grove, Michigan.
G. W. Fletcher, breeder of Champion, Macomb Co., breeder of
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kinds of stock. Importer of pure bred stallions.
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horses.

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W. O. BAERNER. Byron, Minnesota
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MICHIGAN IMPORATION COMPANY
Shipments of Cleveland on sale and receive goods from all parts of the world.
Blood, from St. Louis and Clydeville Stallions bred by J. W. Farnell, Jr. Travels over Europe and Scotland to secure the best blood available. Not to be found. Address W. H. SMITH OF BRO. HILLDALE.

W. FARRELL.

R. H. KING, residence, Bridgewater, Wash-
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194-13

P. HATHAWAY, Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich.
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respondence invited. s19-19

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PORTLAND BREEDING STABLES—L. F.
STALLARD, Portland, Iowa Co., breed
Charley and Chandler, standard Hanover
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P. WILSON, Wayne, breeder of draft
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and Percheron, and Chandler, a standard Han-
over, in service.

REID & BRAIDWOOD, Almont, La-
pland Co., importers and breeders of thoroughbred
Percheron and Hanover stock. Stock for sale at
reasonable prices. Almont, LaPland Co.

S. PETERSEN, Stock for sale, **April-13**
Breeder and dealer in **Swedish**, **Livingston** Co.
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pedigrees solicited. **April-13**

W. M. C. SMITH, Brookdale farm, breeder of
thoroughbred and registered **Marion** sheep.
Stock in part of this State, **South** and
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W. H. BLOW, Flint Valley Stock Farm
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G. H. HART, Lapeer, breeder of **Norman**
registered **Norman** horses, **Trotting** and **Standard**
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Chester Hogs. No fancy price.

SW Persons visiting either of the three adver-
tised establishments will be carried in free
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W. J. GAGE, Stock Loan, Mich., breeder of pure Jersey Red, Irish, and registered Merino sheep of Award blood. Stock for sale, moderate prices.

W. RADFORD, Marshall, breeder of pure Jersey Red, Irish, and registered Merino sheep. Stock recorded in Michigan Register. Also, form and density of fleece specified.

H. BERTMAN, Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich., breeder of pure Jersey Red, Irish, and registered Merino sheep of Award blood. Stock for sale, moderate prices.

W. J. GAGE, Stock Loan, Mich., breeder of pure Jersey Red, Irish, and registered Merino sheep of Award blood. Stock for sale, moderate prices.

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And Michigan registered
Merino Sheep. Stock for sale.
\$5-ly

Shropshire Downs.

YARLOCK'S imported and Michigan-bred
Shropshire sheep are the popular mutton
and wool breed. Only flock in Livingston
County. Oldest establishment.

DOGS.—Collies.

"SCOTCH COLLIES."

Lords of the Highlands. I am breeding them
from the best and purest blood.

[illegible]

WILLEY, Pevano, Iowa County,
broder Shropshire sheep from imported
Ck. The mutton sheep of the world. 1871-94

A. BIXBY, Lake View Stock Farm, South
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imported stock; all registered; inspection
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COGS.—Berkshires & Suffolks,
H. HARGRAVE, Oakdale, N. Y.

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1883-1910

H. H. CANNON, Maple Grove, Ohio,
has many years' experience in raising
different strains; also broder of Pottery of Shropshire
also two fine imported stallions in Shropshire
and other strains.

J. H. HAYNES, Decatur, broder of high class
dotties, Rose and Single-Corbelled Brown Wyand-
Send for illustrated circular. 1894-1900

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Mass.

STANTON, St. Louis, Mich., dealer in and breeder of Registered pure bred Berkshire stock. Imported stock. Collic Rock and Rock wools and their eggs for sale. 69-47

JA BROWN, Englishville, Kent County, breeder of Berkshire sows of the best known stock. Stock for sale. 69-36

J. CAVAN, Br. Milton, Ont. 69-42

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J. CAVAN, Br. Milton, Ont. 69-42

MICHIGAN POULTRY FARM,—W. R. & Mich. Breeders of Proprietors, Battle Creek, and Brova Luchorna, Black Cochins, Langshans, Wyandottes and Sicilian Game. Eggs from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per 15. Write for prices. 69-48

MRS. W. J. LAWRENCE,—Bath, N. H. 69-49

Poland-Chinas. *See* Poland-Chinas.

LEBROCK, Downgrade, breeder of pure Poland swine; all stock bred from pure Ohio families; recorded in Ohio Poland record; pigs in pairs not skin; choice pigs \$8-12

ES, (thack, Gratiot Co., breeder of pure Poland China. Stock recorded in Ohio Poland Record. Young stock for sale at occl-lvt

FANTON, Proprietor of Wood Lawn Farm, St. Louis, Gratiot Co.

FOR SALE—Jersey Cattle: Alberti *Passer* and *Comet*.

ones, Richard, breeder of pure-bred
ad-China. My breeding stock all re-
sults from the Ohio and American Poland
breeds.

WILKINSON, Paw Paw, breeder of
pure-bred Poland China. Address in Ohio
not given. Breeding stock not for sale.
Interested in breeding Marine sheep. Cor-
respondence solicited.

YODD'S Swedepalska herd of Cheaters,
at the Ohio State Fair, 1916. Six Pals
where \$200 were offered in grain and stock
hard, pitted against the best of the State.
The herd consisted of 100 head of Cheaters,
hundred head of pigs and pigs for sale.
Recorded in Yodd's Swedepalska herd.
For circular and price, address Chester White
Wainman, Ohio.

Also came to the State Fair, H. S. Yodd

72, Rochester, Oakland Co., breed-
Poland China Swine, all registered
Plymouth Rock and White Leghorn
for sale. 20-18
all pure Poland-China swine of best
blood or choices registered Merinos
to use or keep as stock before you
owners. G. M. Fellows, Manchester,
Co., Mich.

WRIGHT, South Grand Blaine Co., breeders and shippers of pure wine. Stock for sale in pairs and single. *1714-6*

Mrs. E. C. Howell, breeder of pure wine of best quality; also raised for sale. *06-177*

Cleveland Bay Horses.

New Importation Just Arrived!

WE have a *choice lot*, selected by a firm with reference to style, action and quality, combined with good pedigree trace, brought from the prize-winners of Great Britain. One horse stands out from the rest, being a *grand* stallion and a *major* in the army. Also bred from imported sires and dams and grades of our own breeding. Call and examine. Correspondence solicited.

1940

RUNNING THE WEEKLY.

In the twilight, in his sanctum sat the editor alone
And his mighty brain was throbbing in a very lofty
zone;
Just he checked a countless poem, that was fraught
with facile diths,
And he thought of Quill, his "a. c.," and contrived
a pit for him.
Then he stopped right in a leader on the Euro-
pean war,
While he wrote a puff for Bartley's new fam-
ily grocery store;
And just as he got started on the "Onlook of To-
day,"
The foreman came to say the comp. had struck
for higher pay.
Then he started on a funny sketch, a fancy bright
and glad,
When Babel, the undertaker, came to order out
his "a. c."
He smiled and wrote the title, "The Reflections
of a Sage."
When the printing devil broke in with—"They've
paid the second page!"
He sighed and took his sissors when the ever
fanny bore
said, "Ah, writing editor," then he waltzed
in his glee,
And the scribe was feeling happy writing up
his story.
He hobbled came to know if he "could pay his
rent to-day!"
In deep abstraction then he plunged the paste
brush in the ink,
And murmured, "Thank you, at 10 you will in-
stall on it, I think—"
When from the business office came the ca. bier,
"Here's a mess!"
Compulsed & Boller's put a big attachment on
the press!
Then broke the editorial heart; he sobbed and
said, "Good by!"
And forth he went a com. far, from all his
woes to fly.
But ere the second mile was done, he sank in
a ditch!
The Wagon had took up his pass an' made him
pay his fare!
—Robert J. Burdette.

MISS ELLA ON THE FARM.

The True Story as Related by the Farmer
Himself.

To the Editor: Notice in your col-
umns quite recent a paragraph to the fol-
lowing:

"Miss Ella Witchazel, a charming
young school teacher of Villisca, Iowa,
finding the close confinement and ardu-
ous duties of the school-room injuring
her health, tried the out-door cure. In-
stead of spending her winter's salary and
summer vacation in a crowded hotel at
the seashore, she went on a farm, cut
twenty acres of prairie hay, harvested
forty acres of wheat, gained twenty
pounds in weight, a coat of tan for her
hands and face, and a rugged health that
cannot be equaled anywhere off a farm.
That's the girl you are looking for, young
man."

Now, what I want to say: I am well
acquainted with this young school marm.
Fact is, it was my farm she spent the
summer on. Nice girl, Ella is, as ever
run wild in the sun. We was glad, wife
an' me, to have her come, an' she did
'bout as she pleased on the farm. I'd
often read in the papers 'bout these
young women that taught school in the
winter and farmed in the summer, but I
never had any experience of 'em before.
Well, sir, she farmed, 'first day,
notin' do but she must drive the horse
rake, an' they call that gettin' in the hay.
My little Janey, eleven years old next
May, usually drives the rake for us, but
she ain't been feelin' overly pert this
summer, an' I kinder kept her out of the
sun. So Miss Ella gits herself boosted
up on the horse rake by my boy Joe.
Well, she rode, an' then she screamed and
foaled off; then she got on again, till the horse
crack an' away she went on the dead
jump out of the field into the road, horse
goin', dust a flyin', an' Miss Ella
creechin'. Some of the men headed her
off an' stopped the horse. Then she tried
it again. This time she struck right
through the standin' grass where it was
tallest and thickest, and tangled; horse
a balkin' an' tuggin' away by turns, gress
holdin' on or comin' up by the roots, rake
teth a snappin'.

We got her out of that, an' lost a whole
day on the rake gettin' it mended.

Then she tried drivin' a load into the
big barn. Had to stop to the house for
a ladder, an' then all the men had to go
clear out of the field while she climbed up
on the load. Drivin' in, she got the
wagon caught in a hedge gap as wide as
the Missouri River, run over two stands
of bees, upset the load and buried herself
under three hundred pounds of hay. It
was the safest place for her under the
circumstances; so we just left her there
until the bees got calmed down, an' we
got some work done.

Next load she went in on, and then
turned all of the men out of the barn
while she climbed up into the mow, an'
then she wandered around until she stepped
in a chute an' shot out about twenty-
eight feet into the cow barn, and lit right
on the back of a Jersey calf that was
worth two hundred and fifty dollars of
any man's money, an hour before.

Miss Ella wa'n't killed, but she was
that jammed up that she lay in bed two
days, an' but for that providence, we'd
been workin' at that hay yet. An'
anybody that wants a broken-back calf
can have one at his own figgers.

Well, come what harvest, she must
drive the self binder. That was a little
too risky, but she had her own way. But
she couldn't be trusted up above the
knees, so somebody had to set up there
an' hold her on. My boy Joe held her
on—I told Joe she was a makin' a fool of
him—an' if she didn't make him drive
around every poppy an' every blossom in
weed in that field, to save it. Never mind
the wheat, but save the blamed weeds.

There was only one stump on that
three hundred and twenty acres of prairie
land—just one stump—an' I hope I hope
it got to seed before Thanksgiving! If that
girl didn't run into it an' break the reaper.
We lost all the rest of that day mendin'
it.

rake handles, an' wanted us all to wear
bleed shirts, with the sleeves looped up
with blue ribbons, an' 'gomechin' out to
the hay field, me at the head, with the
most an' longest ribbons, a single!

"We are merry laymakers, tra, la, la, la!"
She saw it done that way once in a
concert or theatre, an' thought that was
the way havin' was always done. An'
she was so vexed that she cried when we
wouldn't wear 'em.

Law, when I put on that hat, ma laid
back an' laughed till the tears ran down
her dear old cheeks.
"Job Thistlepod," she said, "if you go
out an' work in that rig, you'll scare away
the grasshoppers."

My boy Joe, he did wear his hat out,
but he hid it under a hedge when he got
out of sight of the house.
I told Joe he was the biggest fool I ever
see.

Well, Miss Ella got along fairly well
after wheat harvest. She gathered some
"graceful sprays," she called 'em, of
poison ivy, one day, and couldn't see out
of one eye for nigh a week.

One day she took a tin pail to go out
after berries, and when she went through
the cow pasture the cows saw her and
thought there was salt in the pail, and they
chased her till she was nigh ready to
drop.

And she went to the barn once an' tried
to harness a young Tuckahoe colt that
had never had a halter on him; an' how
she got out of that stable alive is more
than I can ever tell you.

But what I wanted to say, is, that that's
about the way the young women who
farm so graceful in the newspapers, usu-
ally farm on the farm. But we liked her,
an' we hated to see her go. An' she will
make a splendid wife for some man, if
she can't run a farm; but I don't know
about your young men comin' out to look
after her, for when she said good by to
me to go back to town, she threw her
arms around my neck, an' give me a kiss.
An' I says to my boy Joe, standin' by the
wagon to take her to town, he was always
somewhere round.

"Joe," I says, "you'd give your share
in the farm for that!"

But Joe, he didn't seem to care for any
thing of the kind, an' Miss Ella she up
an' give me another squeeze an' a kiss, an'
I saw her lookin' over my shoulder at my
boy Joe, an'—hawl hawl hawl!—Burdette
in Brooklyn Kagle.

Killed a Bear with a Stone.

"I've had some pretty handy tussles
with bears in my time, but I never
had a bear tackle me with so little pro-
vocation an' so near home as one did last
week," said Farmer Ellis Williams of
Spring Brook the other day. "I was
goin' out to the barn about 6 o'clock in
the evening to milk the cows. Back of
the barn half a dozen of my sheep was
chawin' their cuds, the most of 'em layin'
down kinder innocent like. Just as I
was turnin' the corner I see a big black
bear sneakin' up toward the sheep. I
dropped my milk pail an' ran to the
house after my gun, little thinkin' the
bear'd git away 'fore I got back. I didn't
s'pose he'd meddle with the sheep, but
that shows how little I knew 'bout a
bear's doin's. While I was gone after the
gun the black rascal grabbed one of
the fattest sheep in his arms, and when I
got out of the house he was waddlin' off
with it as fast as his big body would let
him. The sheep bleated an' cried for his
life, but that didn't scare the bear at all.
He kept waddlin' towards the woods, an'
when I had got within shootin' distance I
pulled the gun on him. The cowardly
thing wasn't loaded, an' there I was in a
pinch. I couldn't let that mutton be
carried off without an effort to rescue
it, an' so I rushed for the cursed animal
with the butt end of my gun raised. I
intended to whack him on the head an'
surprise him so he'd let up on the sheep.
Just as I was goin' to maul him over the
pate he seemed to smell a rat, for he
turned around all of a sudden an' looked
at me as much as to say, 'What you want
around here?' I hopped to one side
kinder lively an' was goin' to cuff him
gently to see what he'd do, when he
bounced around agin an' faced me. Then
I bobbed back the other way, intendin'
to tap him on the nozzle to see how he'd
like it. I didn't look for what followed,
though. He seemed to tumble to my
game, and the thought that he'd have to
drop that mutton in order to attend to me
made him mad. The sheep was kickin'
an' squallin' pitifully. I made a lunge
forward an' brought the stock of the
gun down on the bear's hanz.
He kinder grunted, as if the blow un-
settled his stomach, an' then he dropped
the sheep an' plunged at me. I jumped to
one side an' hit him by the side of his
head. Mr. Bear showed fight, his aim bein'
to get his grab-horns on me. I had no
weapon except the gun, an' that was no
good without a charge in it. He pranced
round on his hind legs, an' tried to coax
me to come to his bosom, an' every time I
whacked him on the snout with the butt
of my gun he muttered somethin' that
sounded like an oath. Once in a while he
came close enough to me to tear my clothes,
an' then I'd punch him in the chest with
the end of the bar'l an' make him back up
a few steps. He had hugged the sheep so
hard that it was almost dead, an' I was
bound to have his life. I give him one
swat on the ear that staggered him an'
broke the gun's ear was no more use to me.
The bear noticed that I'd lost my only
weapon, an' that 'peared to cheer him up.
He pitched at me as I stooped to pick up
a stick an' got his paw partly round me.
I hustled myself to loosen his grip, and we
both rolled over two or three times an'
came up standin' agin. I wanted to tuck-
er him out if I could, but his wind was
fine. Then he made 'nother lunge at me
an' I tore one side of my coat off. I scam-
pered away for a couple of rods to git a
round stun, an' he was on top of me 'fore
I knew it. He spilled all the clothes I
had on my back an' busted my suspenders,
but I got the stun and crawled from
under him, an' then I turned an' thumped
him on the nose till he rolled down his
cheeks. He got discouraged for a minute
or two, but he rallied agin, an' tried to
put a bold front onto the affair by makin'
faces at me. While he was doin' this I

was surveyin' the lot to see where a stun
lay that I could handle. I spied one a
few yards away and scooped for it. He
made for me once more as fast as ever he
could, but I was too quick for him, and by
the time he got there I'd grabbed up a
stun that weighed four or five pounds. I
had scarcely a thread of clothing on my
body from the waist up, an' the scratches
that Mr. Bear had made on me didn't feel
a first rate. The next thing I done was to
give him a whack on the cocoonut with
the stun. He staggered, an' I followed it
up with another thump. Finally, I got
him down, an' then I hammered his tough
pate till he stopped breathin'! It was a
desperate tug, an' I was all but used up,
but I had downed the sheep thief. It was
pity that when I finished the bear, an'
when I went over to where the sheep was
I found it was dead. I don't want to
tackle another bear unless I have a loaded
gun or a big knife."

A Useful Conundrum.

They were telling conundrums and par-
alyzing each other in great shape when
Alderson held up his hand.

"I've got one," he said.

"What is it?" queried the crowd.

"When is an apple pie?"

Hestopp'd everybody looked at him,
but he said nothing.

"Well," said a man across the room.

"Go on. What do you stop there for?"

"Go on! Where? What for?" he asked.

"Why, go on with your darned old
conundrum. When is an apple pie what?"

"That's what I said," he replied.

"Well, we know, but what is the con-
undrum?"

"When is an apple pie?"

"There ain't any sense to that," put in
another fellow. "What's the rest of it?"

"There ain't any rest," persisted An-
derson. "When is an apple pie?"

"When is an apple pie what?" yelled
the crowd.

"Who said an apple pie was what?"

"You did."

"I didn't. I didn't say anything about
an apple pie."

"You did," whooped up the crowd.

"I didn't."

"You did," and any one says I did a
liar," and then the crowd piled down on top
Anderson, and when the police came in
and rescued him it took a half hour to ex-
plain that an apple was pie when it dozed
up with sugar and crust and things like
any other pastry.

It smushed up the Conundrum Club,
though, and the conundrum's usefulness
is that far established.—*Merchant Travel-
er.*

Thinning Them Out.

A gentleman having missed a lot of
new potatoes from his garden, suspected
that an old negro had dug them up, and
determined to watch for the culprit. So
one evening, loading an old rifle with
ripe currants and a blank cartridge, he
stationed himself in a clump of bushes,
whence he could have a full view of the
potato bed. About ten o'clock a figure
stealthily approached and began quietly
to dig up the potatoes. As soon as the
dig was full, the owner took aim and fired
the charge of currants at the thief's head.
Hearing the report and feeling the current
jerk tickling down his face, the culprit
screamed out: "Help! Help! I see done
killed; O somebody come and help me
'fore I die." He then began to groan and
finally fell to the ground. The gentleman
seeing the distress his shot had occasioned,
dropped his gun and walked to the old
man, whom he found almost demented
from fright. "Well, Joe, you seem in
trouble." "Tribble? Yass, yed call it
tribble ef ye had a grub hole in your
head, and a pint of blood a-comin' out."
But, Joe, what are you doing with that
bag of potatoes?" "Pears like yer taters
grow too thick, so I thought I'd jest thin
'em out fer ye, in de cold ob de ebenin',
and dis year's what I done got for't."
I shall die 'fore mawnin'." "I fancy I
only a scratch; I'll bind it up and take
you home." So winding the old man's
face he bound it up and took him home.
There was no more depredations com-
mitted, and to this day old Joe thinks his
benefactor performed a wonderful surgi-
cal operation.

Science Exposing the Police.

One of the greatest obstacles which the
friends of morality have to encounter
when they attack low concert saloons is
"political influence," which makes even
the policemen, whose business it is to
suppress such evils, an ally for the de-
fense. This is especially the case in New
York. A member of the Property Own-
ers' Association, now engaged in trying
to redeem Sixth Avenue, in that city,
from such haunts of vice, has recently
called science to his aid, and secured con-
vincing evidence of violations of the ex-
cise law, as well as an exposure of the
scenes enacted in such places in the early
morning hours. The saloons are brilli-
antly lighted by electricity, and the reformer,
armed with a pocket camera and instan-
taneous photographic plates, has succeeded,
it is said, in making over one hundred
views of the saloons and of the street in
front of them after one o'clock in the
morning, when the law requires that they
shall be closed. The photographs here
and there contain clock dials, offering
mute testimony as to the hour. If not of
much importance themselves, they are
calculated to confound the easy-going
official witnesses—policemen and others—
who "see nothing" and "know noth-
ing" about violations of law that are
plain enough to everybody else.

Origin of the Jersey Cow.

A party were discussing the mild eyed
cattle, when a farmer spoke up excitedly.
"Well, does any man know how the
Jersey became a separate breed of cattle?"
One of the gentlemen gave the origin
as he supposed, stating that it was not the
Jersey at first, but called by that name in
consequence of the cattle being perfected
by the people on the Jersey Isle.
"No that ain't the way they originat-
ed," remarked the first, "as Mr. —, who
is posted, told me that it wasn't. He said
that the Jersey was a cross between a
buck deer and a common dunghill cow,"
and he bore the air of one who thinks that
he has enlightened his hearers.—*Nadison
Advertiser.*

Discretion the Better Part of Valor.

They met in July, and this is how it
happened, in the water at Long Branch,
writes Clara Belle. They had dived un-
der a billow twenty feet apart, but while
submerged they happened to swim to-
ward each other until their faces came
smack together as they rose into sight. It
was indeed a "pretty how do do" so far
as the maid was concerned, for she had a
handsome face, and blood enough close
under her skin to keep it pink instead of
letting it turn ghastly blue with the chill
of the sea bath. Well, there was a "Beg
your pardon" and a "Granted, certainly,"
followed by introductions on the beach,
subsequent loungings on the hotel veran-
da, then walks on the sand by moonlight,
and almost a betrothal. They at last
came to that stage in courtship now known
as an "understanding." A few days ago
they met again at Newport, where some
of the swell families still linger, though
October weather has pretty thoroughly
chilled things down there. But their love
had a caloric temperature and so they
wandered down to the shore. Her hat is
the very latest sort, and you will note the
height of brim, representing just about the
average, and promising awful annoyance
to theatre audiences from those women
who condescend to wear a hat on such oc-
casions. The only proper thing for an
auditorium is a bonnet, but there are some
folks who are bound to do quite improper
things. Her jacket is plain cloth, so neat-
ly and snugly fitted that it looks like a
jersey in its skin-smoothness; and the frou
and flip flop of her skirts disclose a
pair of Louis Quinze slippers. She was
altogether lovely, and the fellow thought
so like all possessed.

"Do you remember how funnily we
met?" he murmured.

"Oh, yes, and ridiculous it was," she
replied. "I don't know, however, but
I was more presentable than I am now,
with this dreadful wind blowing my toi-
let all to smithereens. The strain of my
hair on the fastenings threatens to
pull my hair out by the roots. By the
way, I did lose a hat the other day. The
wind blew it off my head, just as a West-
ern tornado might unroof a house and I
never saw it again. There I was, left
bareheaded in the streets of Newport,
with 30 men gaping at me, and not a hack
in sight to ride home in."

"A frightful predicament, but I'll
wager that your woman's wit got you out
of it gracefully."

"Oh, I am strong on presence of mind.
What did I do? A glance in a milliner's
window showed me a love of a bonnet. I
went right in and bought it—it was only
\$40—and walked off as comfortably as
though nothing had happened to me."

The income of that young man was \$300
a year. He admired his darling's astound-
ing presence of mind; indeed, he had
never seemed half so dear to him; but the
question did not pop that afternoon,
though he had loaded himself with it for
that occasion.

VARIETIES.

MR. BEECHER'S GOOD TURN.—Some years
ago, when the Lee Avenue Church, Brooklyn,
was halting between two opinions respecting
its choice of ministers, a spiritual conference
was held, at which several of the big guns
of the church were heard, among them Henry
Ward Beecher. The young clergyman, W. W.
Hicks, whose chances for a call to the vacant
pulpit seemed to be in the ascendant, was a
personal friend and sort of protégé, I believe,
of the great Brooklyn divine. On this occasion
the young minister, for whom he was
a bright future, and said to him: "I hope you
will make your best effort before the confer-
ence to-night." (Be Beecher) was to speak
first, and Hicks to follow immediately after.
Beecher's address fell flat, and was so unlike
his usual efforts that his admirers, who had
expected so much of him on this occasion,
were disappointed. When the next speaker,
Hicks, who, fired by zeal in the cause and
youthful ambition, made the hit of the even-
ing, which resulted in his call to the church,
Beecher congratulated him, and said, *sotto voce*:
"Remember, Hicks, I won't promise always to
play second fiddle to you."

When a Cleburne man wishes to take a
spree he should visit some other town where
the tariff is not so steep as it is in that city.
The Cleburne man, for getting drunk, Jim
Jackson was fined \$25, and before he had
paid it to say what he was fined \$25 in another
case. That is the way to kill the goose that
lays the golden egg. One of the best and most
systematic planters on the Brazos used to feel
an impulse for a periodical drunk and came
to Galveston to indulge in it, raising particular
 Cain on such occasions. He looked upon a
fine of ten dollars as about the proper thing;
but the Mayor finally raised him to fifty dol-
lars, with trimmings, and he shook the dust
of the city from his feet and never patronized
the municipal mill afterwards. He transferred
his custom to Houston.—*Galveston (Texas)
News.*

It was on the piazza of a large summer
house that a lady was giving her friend a more
or less highly colored account of a guest whose
name she had just seen in the list of recent
arrivals. She remarked that the new comer
was the daughter of Hon. —, of whom she
gave a sketch in passing, and threw in a
sprinkled sketch of the young lady's flirtations
the summer before at Mount Desert, of which
she declared she had all the details from trust-
worthy eye witnesses. "I don't know her,"
answered his musical room mate.

"Now, I must not exhibit my ignorance,"
replied the young lover. "I'll pay her back
in her own musical language; but the deuce
of it is, I don't know a musical note from a
chicken track."

"Write and tell her that the Key of F will
be there," said his friend.

He did so, and now wants to know why she
laughs every time "One Flat" comes up the
garden walk.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

"SURELY, Your Honor," yelled the young
lawyer, showing off with great enthusiasm in
his first case, "surely I must not to argue

on such a simple question. My client has not
only right but law upon his side, and I know,
Your Honor, that in thus dwelling upon a point
so self-evident, I am performing an unnece-
sary work, for I know that no court in equity
can possibly hold such a monstrous propo-
sition."

The old judge stuck his chin in his breast,
looked over the gold rim of his spectacles and
gazed blandly on the perspiring lawyer.

"It will this afternoon,"

And the lawyer wilted.

A wild specimen of the native Virginian
entered Staunton the other day and asked
credit for some

